

## Stolen Plans, and Others

By JACK CURTISS

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Bramwell, the general manager of the Loftus corporation, stared with a white face at Lewis, the treasurer. In front of him was an open safe.

"It's gone!" he said. Lewis was shaking as if stricken with ague. "What—do you make of it?" he stammered.

"I tell you what I make of it!" shouted Bramwell. "The Neatfoot company has stolen the plans for our new engine. It means a difference of about twelve million dollars. They've been after it for a year. And to us it means bankruptcy."

Lewis closed the safe before answering. "After all, it's up to Feggis," he said. "He put the plans in the safe. He went off on a sudden jaunt to Europe without leaving any address. He's the president, not you or I."

"But how did it get out of the safe?" demanded Bramwell, when they were closeted together in the manager's office. "At least we'll trace the thief. Somebody knew the combination."

"Ever hear of the man who opens safes by catching the sound?" asked Lewis. "Some fellow like that. It's an easy trick, I understand. Some con-



"What—Do You Make of It?" He Stammered.

federate in the office introduced the man—probably hid him in the ladies' room about five o'clock, where he could hear the safe being opened. After that it was easy."

"Who works at night besides Peters?"

"Miss Graham."

"Whew!" said Bramwell. "Engaged, aren't they?"

They stared at each other and then smiled. There was small hope of recovering the plans, but at least it seemed to them that they were on the trail.

John Peters, President Feggis' secretary, and Nancy Graham, his stenographer, had practically the run of the office during the president's absence. The investigation had narrowed itself down to them. Nobody else could possibly have been guilty. Peters had entered the president's employ in his present capacity five years before, Miss Graham seven. She had worked up to her present position at thirty dollars a week, and there existed some feeling against her, not only on the part of the girls who were now her subordinates, but among Bramwell and Lewis, who resented the fact that she and Peters occupied a practically independent position during the president's absence.

In spite of the heads' precautions the story of the theft leaked out. Insensibly the suspicion of the office force was directed toward the occupants of the mahogany-furnished room where Peters and Nancy worked together. And insensibly Nancy felt that chilling suspicion enter her own heart.

There was, in reality, little room for private talk between them, even if they had been so minded. The president's office, fitted with transparent windows that looked out directly upon the general office, allowed both occupants to be seen at all times. Often Nancy would look up from her work to see a dozen pairs of eyes watching her.

They were to have been married that spring. The marriage had been postponed when the crisis compelled the cutting down of salaries. John was making only forty-five a week now, a sum ample for their needs, only Nancy, with memories of a life of poverty behind her, did not intend to start life, giving up her position after her marriage, without a substantial bank account. And she would not work when she was married. She and John were old-fashioned people, and neither believed in that.

"Nancy," John had pleaded, "give up your work and marry me. I shall be getting fifty again next year, and after that a substantial raise at some time. Don't let us spend our youth together here when we might be so happy."

The girl had steadfastly refused. John had taken it hard at first. Sometimes she almost relented, but her principle kept her to her decision. He would be glad when the time came.

"Nancy," he had once said to her, "if I could get some money, several thousand dollars, would you marry me at once?"

"How would you get it?" she parried. "I have an investment," John had laughed.

And his words came back to her as she sat within the office, near John. Once she raised her eyes and looked at him steadfastly. His own eyes had been fixed scrutinizingly on hers. He dropped their

Later that day he told her something that amazed her. His investment had been of a little legacy—a few hundred dollars only, but a tip from a broker had enabled him to realize five thousand on it. He had the money safe in the bank. Would she marry him now?

And the girl's eager joy was dampened by the sudden fearful suspicion that came to her. She thrust it aside—but it returned. John a thief? John, whom she adored with all her mind constantly? She waited with a crushing burden at her heart.

And day by day they felt the suspicion rise and hang over them like a dark cloud.

O'Day, the mail sorter, had been discharged the week before. The new man, Fallon, a surly, vindictive-looking fellow, had his post opposite the window facing Nancy's desk. Whenever she looked up she would see Fallon's eyes fixed on hers. He seemed to be watching her. And it was not long before she began to see Fallon lurking behind her when she went out to lunch, when she went home. The man was a spy. She was under suspicion, then. Those wretched days in the office, when John, absorbed, hardly spoke to her, were breaking down the girl's nerves.

John was guilty! The impression had grown into certainty. The story of the legacy was preposterous. In Nancy's brain an idea was born. Quietly and unobtrusively she went from her lunch one day into the office building of the Neatfoot company, emerging through the outer door.

Glancing back as she passed out, she saw Fallon waiting for her. There was a look of satisfaction on his dark face. He followed her to the office almost openly.

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Twice more Nancy performed this feat. Each time she saw Fallon behind her. And somehow, in the mysterious way of offices, that story got known too. Nancy read it in the faces of all the girls, in John's. He knew! And by now their intimacy had dwindled to a shadow of friendship. John no longer called for her, alleging the pressure of work in the office. He stayed there nightly, after Nancy had gone home.

"Mr. Bramwell wishes to see you, Miss Graham!"

With beating heart Nancy followed the boy into the general manager's room. Lewis was there with Bramwell.

"Sit down, Miss Graham," said Bramwell. "You know Mr. Feggis will be back today and before he comes—" his voice was soft as honey—"I think you had better confess that you stole that plan of the engine."

They waited, watching her face like hawks.

"We've got the goods on you," shouted Lewis theatrically. "You'd better confess. You have been tracked to the Neatfoot offices."

"Yes, I confess," said Nancy calmly. "I was bribed to steal that engine plan."

Before the triumph on their faces had risen to the full the door opened and John came hurrying in.

"You can cut that out!" he shouted. "I stole the engine plans, and I warn you that all the office is talking about Miss Graham being implicated. Well, it's a lie. I'm responsible."

The look of triumph, turned to amazement. Then Lewis leaped forward.

"You both stole them!" he shouted. "I have suspected you from the beginning. This will be a jail sentence—"

"Dear me, what will be a jail sentence? What is this trouble about?" demanded a pleasant-voiced old gentleman, entering the office, umbrella in hand.

"Mr. Feggis!" exclaimed Bramwell. "Sir, the engine plans have been stolen, sold to the Neatfoot company, and these persons are the guilty ones. They took the plans from the safe—"

"What are you talking about?" demanded Feggis. "Didn't the messenger deliver that note I sent you from on board the Aquitaine? Why, my dear fellow, I took the plans. Had an emergency order from the French government, and couldn't wait to explain. Just got home with the contract."

"But Miss Graham has confessed!" cried the bewildered Bramwell.

"And Mr. Peters' too," said Lewis.

Mr. Feggis turned and looked into the faces of the lovers.

"I think," he said with quiet emphasis, "that if you will intrust the matter to me I can obtain a very quick recantation from them."

But instead of obtaining the recantation he quietly left the room with his ideas.

"Oh, John!" sobbed Nancy. "I thought you—you—Can you ever forgive me?"

"But I thought you—" stuttered John. "Why, Nancy, what on earth—didn't you believe in that legacy? I tell you what, dear, we've both been overworked and got a little nervous. What do you say to starting that honeymoon tomorrow?"

"Tomorrow?" Nancy gasped. "Why, I can't possibly—that is, not till the day after, John."

Cool Canadian.

A soldier correspondent of the London Daily Mirror writes to that paper of a recent incident: "I was returning from a deserted village near—"

he writes, "when I saw leisurely strolling down the road a man absolutely naked. You can judge my astonishment."

"When we met, after greetings he told me that he had become separated from his regiment, accidentally walked into an enemy trench, and there had been stripped of all his clothing and put under guard. In the night he had managed to overpower the guard and make his escape, trusting to get some clothing on his way back. I gave him my waterproof and, after begging a cigar, he coolly continued his journey. I have since had my waterproof returned with a letter of thanks from the sender, a Canadian officer."

Unintentional Deference.

"Mr. Waggleton refuses to recognize the intellectual superiority of women."

"But he does recognize it," rejoined Miss Cayenne. "Yesterday he insisted on doing all the talking and letting me do all the thinking."

First Author—"Have you heard that Scribbleton has taken a wife?" Second Author—"Yes, I suppose he wanted to double the circle of his readers."—Boston Transcript.

## Handsome and Practical Corduroy Coat



Two favorites of fashion for this season enter into the composition of this handsome coat; they are the corduroy velvet of which it is made, and the opossum fur on the collar. Corduroy in a good quality is about the best choice one can make among materials designed for coats for general wear, and the high favor of opossum fur threatens to thin the ranks of the little animal, whose fine markings have lately sprung into unprecedented favor.

The coat is long, ample and graceful. It is cut with the long arm-eye and easy adjustment which makes it practical for wear over evening gowns.

Linings selected for coats of this kind are of thin, supple silk or crepe, in order that the coat may fall in good lines about the figure. It is cut

with full skirt, which ripples at the bottom, and is provided with a shaped belt and sash ends of the corduroy, also lined with silk. Machine stitching makes the finish, and the elegance of the coat is still further enhanced by the lack of any other trimmings.

The model is double-breasted, fastening at the throat with a single large and ornamental button. A similar button in a smaller size appears on each cuff. The collar is made so that it may be rolled up about the neck and fastened with hook and eye in a high turnover.

Although pictured as worn over an evening gown, this coat is appropriate for all sorts of wear. The material is very serviceable, but its rich luster places it in the class of dressy coats as well as among those designed for much wear.

## Beautiful Types of Picture Hats



Two of the most beautiful hats of the season are portrayed here, and they belong to those types that with little variation reappear with each season. They are picture hats on such good lines and with so much to recommend them that their welcome is all ways assured.

The hat at the left is made of black velvet or of one of the dark shades which are fashionable in colors. The crown is round. The wide brim is flexible and cut with a straight edge at the right side. At the left it turns up and is bent toward the crown, showing, altogether, the influence of the season's tendency toward eccentric brims. Its lines are wonderfully becoming.

It remained for this season to show just what beautiful effects can be wrought by the artist whose medium of expression is the fancy feather. This hat is trimmed with fancy ostrich. It seems that nothing else could look just as well.

The hat at the right is a wide-brimmed French sailor made of velvet faced with striped plush. Its color possibilities are worth considering. It has a round crown and, for trimming, another masterpiece in fancy feathers.

It is not always easy to recognize the kind of feather which those clever people who work in them convert into the things of beauty that adorn so

much of the season's millinery. But some feathers, like those of the bird of paradise, are too beautiful in their natural state to be improved upon, while others are vastly changed and beautified by the makers of fancy feathers.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

The New Belts.

Four-inch belts of soft kid in light and medium colors are bound with black or white silk braid. Black ribbons lacings through black eyelets are seen on smart models. Ornaments and buckles to match are used on belts, the former being placed at the back. Buckles are also made of jet, gilt, pearl, galalith, silver, beads, etc.

A very military-looking belt of kid or leather has for a fastening a buckle imitating four cartridges made of gilt, nickel, gun metal or a combination of two metals. Embroidered belts are used of satin, ribbon, soft kid or panne velvet. With princess fronts the belt disappeared under the side of the one-piece effect. Sometimes it is worn at the real waist line, or it may go an inch above.

White Net Gown.

A charming gown is of white net with blossoms hung from the tabs of silver braid. Another pretty decoration consists of bowknots of silver ribbon.

Unkind Thrust.

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## USES PHONE TO WIN HIS BRIDE

Pennsylvania Young Man Causes Girl to Jilt Man She Was Engaged To.

## MAKES QUICK RESOLVE

When Young Woman Asks Him to Wish Her Happiness He Decides He Alone Can Give It to Her.

Bridgeport, Conn.—Paul J. Barber is a prominent young business man of Wilkes-Barre, Pa. With his friend and classmate of old University of Pennsylvania days, Edward Poli, he came here recently for a visit.

The special attraction which Bridgeport held for Poli was a young woman who was then visiting Miss Ruth B. Alling, the attractive daughter of Noyes B. Alling, who conducts several rubber stores. Naturally Poli and Barber were frequent visitors at the Alling home during their stay.

Some days ago Barber, in opening his mail, found a postal from Miss Alling. She had "just dropped him a line" to let him know she was to be married to John R. Wrigle, manager of the Bridgeport Compressed Paper Box company. She "hoped he would wish her happiness" in her engagement and subsequent marriage.

Barber did wish her happiness—all the happiness in the world—but he was determined he would be the one who would bring her this bountiful happiness.

Puts in Long-Distance Call.

The young man hastened to the nearest long-distance telephone. He called the Alling home, got Miss Alling on the wire, having prearranged with the Wilkes-Barre operator that no matter how high the tolls rose he must not be interrupted.

There is little likelihood of anyone ever knowing, including Barber himself, just what was said in that conversation or how it was said, but it was eminently satisfactory and effective.

Barber, in consequence, took the next train for Bridgeport. He did not announce his arrival here, but he and Miss Alling, a few hours later, might have been observed on a train bound for New York. Their destination there was the city hall. A license was procured. It was no aldermanic holiday and—but what's the use? You know the rest.

This is not the end, however. Mr. Wrigle, happy in the part of Miss



He Called Up the Alling Home.

Alling's accepted sweetheart, knocked gayly at her front door the very day she and Barber had left for New York on aldermanic business. Mrs. Alling came to the door.

"Where is Ruth?" asked the accepted one.

And then he had to be told.

## RIDE WITH DOG ONLY GUIDE

Three Brothers, All Sightless, Travel Alone and Go Where They Please.

Marshall, Ark.—Riding on horseback 36 miles from Boyle, Stone county, to Marshall, by way of Big Flat, James Albert Rorie, who has been blind since he was five years old, arrived at Frank Rainbolt's, near Marshall, a few days ago. He came all the way with no one to guide him except his faithful dog. He chained his dog to the bit of his horse's bridle. The dog started out in the direction that Mr. Rorie pointed. When the dog came to the forks of a road he would trot back and forth until Mr. Rorie motioned either to the left or to the right, and then they would proceed on their journey. There are three brothers in this family who are blind, the other two being Henry and John. They go to any place they wish with no person to accompany them. Last year James Albert traveled over Boone, Marion and Seaway counties. For a number of years they have operated a broom factory near McPherson, Baxter county.

"HELLO" GIRL SCARES GANG

Rings Up Bank and Five Men at Work Smashing Safe at Once Take to Their Heels.

North Tonawanda, N. Y.—Robbery of the State National Bank of Ransomville, Niagara county, was foisted by the quick wit of a telephone girl, who "rang up" the bank just as the robbers, five in number, were about to blow open the inner door of the bank vault.

The robbers had succeeded in blowing open the fireproof door of the safe proper when frightened away. They escaped in an automobile.

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Get rid of the stumps and grow big crops on cleared land. Now is the time to clean up your farm while products bring high prices. Blasting is quickest, cheapest and easiest with Low Freezing Du Pont Explosives. They work in cold weather.

Write for Free Handbook of Explosives No. 69F, and name of nearest dealer.

DU PONT POWDER COMPANY DELAWARE

WILMINGTON

Same Thing.

"I hear Jenks is broke."

"I heard he had gone to pieces."

Many Folks Do.

"Does he borrow trouble?"

"Gosh, no! He goes out and buys it."—Judge.

To Drive Out Malaria

And Build Up The System

Take the Old Standard GROVE'S TASTELESS chill TONIC. You know what you are taking, as the formula is printed on every label, showing it is Quinine and Iron in a tasteless form. The Quinine drives out malaria, the Iron builds up the system. 50 cents. Adv.

Foiled.

"Good-by, dear," said hubby as he started on a business trip. "I'll write to you every day while I'm gone."

"You'd better," replied his wife. "I found those letters you had written in advance and burned them up, so you'll have to do it all over again."

Groundless Fear.

Secretly in love with a handsome baseball player, Maida had never seen him play and knew nothing about the game.

One evening when Jim called he found her red-eyed and distraught.

"Jim," she asked, after a while, "what did the sport reporter mean by saying that you 'stole one in the ninth'?"

He explained.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, blushing furiously, but evidently much relieved. "I thought—"

Then Jim stole several of the kind she had in mind.

Born Diplomat.

"Harry, I am beginning to believe the baby looks like you."

"Are you, dear?"

"Yes, I notice it more and more every day. I'm so glad."

"Do you really want him to look like me?"

"Of course I do. I've been sorry ever since we had him christened that we didn't give him your name."

"Sweetheart, you don't know how happy you make me by saying that."

"And, Harry, dear, I found the loveliest hat today. I don't believe I ever saw anything that was so becoming to me. It's \$25. Do you think I ought to pay that much for a hat?"—Chicago Record.

Service Is a Hard One.

Most naval air mechanics are accomplished swimmers, and possess a constitution of iron. When the navy's great seaplanes are launched the mechanics generally have to wade up to their necks into the water to maneuver the machine from the shore.

To plunge into icy cold water in the half light of dawn is not a pleasant task, yet it is one which the sailor mechanics have to carry out almost daily. In rough seas the waves break over their heads, and the seaplane they are maneuvering is tossed about like a cork. Yet in true naval spirit the mechanics of the naval air service carry out their hazardous duties cheerfully.

When Health is Wrong

The Pay is Short

Getting ahead in this world calls for mental and physical forces kept upbuilt and in trim.

Often the food one eats "makes" or "breaks"—it depends upon the kind of food. In many cases the daily dietary lacks certain essential elements for keeping brain and body at their best.

Over 18 years ago a food was perfected to offset this lack—

Grape-Nuts

—and it has stood the test of the years.

Made of whole wheat and malted barley this famous pure food supplies all the nutriment of the grains including their mineral salts—Phosphate of Potash, etc.—necessary for building brain, nerve and muscle.

Grape-Nuts has a delicious nut-like flavour; is always ready to eat—fresh, and crisp from the package; so thoroughly baked it is partially predigested.

Thousands "on the job" every day know

"There's a Reason" for

Grape-Nuts

—sold by Grocers everywhere.